

“The Hampshire education is designed to
challenge advanced students
to transfer within two semesters of graduating.”

— NELSON MANDELA, ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF STUFF

“Hampshire gives students the chance to spend four years of their lives
rearranging their prejudices
and calling it ‘learning’
That’s rare in this life.”

— EMO PHILIPS, DEAN OF SOCIAL SCIENCES

“No tests, no grades,
no service. Buy something or get the hell out.”

— RYAN MOORE, STUDENT/PROFESSOR OF HOT SHIT MAKIN’ YA BOUNCE

“Get off my lawn,
you fucking hippies.”

— GREGORY R. PRINCE, NORTHAMPTON GUTTERPUNK

The Omen Course Catalog April 2001

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omen

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Blue's Clues
The Sound of Music
Hentai
Oz {The Prison One}
Jungle 2 Jungle
Yurt Radio
Fuzzy Farm Animals
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Quicktime "Movies"

THE OFFICIAL OMEN HAIR:

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)

<http://omen.hampshire.edu>

to submit

Submissions are due **Thursdays before midnight**. You can submit by diskette (Mac or IBM) in rich text or plain text format, and typed hard copies will also be accepted, reluctantly. Label your disks well and they will get back to you. Get your stuff to Michael Benni Pierce: **Greenwich 22A, Box 916, x2419**. You may also use e-mail (but please do not use attachments). Send plain text e-mail to mpierce@hampshire.edu. Finally, you may also drop documents in the WilderWorks Omen Folder on the CampusNet IBM Network.

And be sure to read our policy box at the bottom of the next page before submitting.



THEY'RE JUST LIKE
POKEMON, ONE HUN-
DRED AND FIFTY PLUS
ONE APOCRYPHAL

- MICHAEL ZOLE, ON PSALMS.

FROM THE EDITOR



BY MICHAEL BENNI PIERCE

once saw this skit on "The Kids in the Hall." It was called, "Hitler F*%& a Donkey."

It went something like this: the scene fades up to reveal a large farmer and his son, both in overalls, staring off towards the camera. The sound of a donkey bleating can be heard, and the farmer and his son seem mystified. After a second or two, the young boy raises his head and says, "Daddy, who's that man?"

The farmer looks down at his son, and says, "That's Hitler, son." The boy then retorts, "And what's he doing to my donkey?" The father chuckles and says, "Son, Hitler is f*%&ing your donkey." And the scene fades to black. Only about 30 seconds long.

Talking to a good friend last night, we realized that there is a very extreme difference between tragedy and comedy, although they seem to get confused sometimes. Just remember, tragedy happens to people you like, and comedy happens to Jim Carrey.

As the new students peruse this campus on "Accepted Student's Day," I can only wonder if they know what they are getting themselves into. Hampshire College is a school that offers nothing. Nothing. Absolutely nothing. Unless you consider financial aid something. Or freedom, for that matter.

There's still no money once you're here, and no space to do anything, and we still don't have a community center.

But while we are on this subject, let's talk about freedom at Hampshire College. As the students here know, Freedoms come and go at a moment's notice.

On a campus such as Hampshire's, however, one that is under-represented, over-political, and paralyzed by the strain placed on community by

hundreds of different viewpoints, thoughts, and characters, it's hard to keep the student body happy, especially when they feel that their freedoms are being infringed upon.

However, what is the solution to empower your lost freedom? Well, let's see, maybe if we take away someone else's freedom, give that little chunk of rights back to you, and then call it ... hmmm ... "Censorship"? No, too harsh. What about "Justice" and "Equality"? Yes, let's.

Freedom is offered until someone or somebody feels that you have abused your freedom. Then, the freedom is either altered or taken away.

Then again, being a hypocrite is a funny thing. Generally, when someone else is calling you a hypocrite, they are, in fact, the hypocrite. It's a disease. They call it, "Hypocrititis."

The classic film *Videodrome* taught us, "Death to Videodrome. Long live the New Flesh!" *Videodrome* underhandedly gave us the power, and tried to use it against us. Only by transcending *Videodrome* and becoming the new Flesh may we take revenge on the ones who made us this way.

The sketch I mentioned earlier by "The Kids in the Hall" was actually censored until their final episode when they decided to show it either way. Granted, it may be offensive, tasteless, and downright wrong, but doesn't freedom of speech grant us the right to speak our minds?

For all new student's reading this, remember that freedom is a word often used by hypocrites, but then also remember the challenge to transcend and better the *Videodrome*. The *Videodrome* did give you the power, but just not the right purpose. It's certainly a tragedy when you think about it.



The *Omen* is Hampshire's longest-running bi-weekly publication, established by Stephanie Cole in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion. Everything the *Omen* receives will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupported writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation.

The *Omen* will also not edit anything you write (except spelling and grammar), as long as you are willing to be completely responsible for what you say. You must sign your real name (no anonymous submissions) and

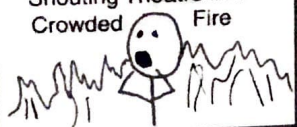
understand that you are responsible for what you say. Nonetheless, views in the *Omen* do not necessarily represent the views of anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

Columnists are those who've submitted three consecutive articles. Layout editors are those who've helped put this particular issue together. There is no *Omen* staff the "staff" changes with each issue. To qualify for community service you must be a columnist and help regularly with layout. Layout times (and such) will be discussed at our meetings: every other Tuesday (each following the release of an issue), in the Airport Lounge, 9PM. Everyone, everywhere, living and dead, should come.

The *Omen* loves you.



20 APRIL, 2001

Shouting Theatre in a
Crowded FireHONEY. I SHRUNK THE
EXPERIMENTAL LIBERAL
ARTS COLLEGE

Is it just me, or is this school getting smaller?

I mean it. The Hampshire Tree used to be, like, a whole day's hike. People would camp all along the edge of the pine forest, getting rest for the last leg of the journey. It was a pilgrimage, a rite of passage.

Now it's more, "I'm bored. What do you wanna do?"

"I dunno. It's nice out. Let's go to the Hampshire Tree."

"Okay, but we have to be back in time for the Simpsons."

And Greenwich. Greenwich used to be so far away. Like Siberia. If you wanted to live there, you had to take a special PVTA bus. Most people didn't bother, so they either wound up rotting in their storage closets or living on filched Farm Center kale. If a Greenwich kid completed a Div III, it involved constant repetition of the phrase "all work and no play makes jack a dull boy."

But now Greenwich seems just around the corner. It's literally right under my feet, in fact. I have a room there and everything.

It started out small. It keeps getting smaller.

And to think, I actually wanted this for myself. From ninth through eleventh grades, I attended a regional public high school with a population of over 3200. That's right:

there were 803 kids in my class alone. It was entirely plausible to walk into your homeroom in the fall, go to your classes, and not see a familiar face for the rest of the day. (It happened to me in 10th grade, and I can honestly say it blew.) Sometimes I'd spot a face I hadn't noticed since elementary school.

To accommodate this small adolescent nation, the high school consisted of two buildings, divided by upper and lower grades, with a shuttle bus transporting students when necessary. (The bus was driven by a Princeton graduate named Van Man. A popular senior prank was to paint the van pink. I'm surprised Van Man never went homicidal.)

The ninth-and-tenth-grade building, Medill Bair, was really one small building with about eighteen additions; as a result, it had the most baffling architecture I've ever seen. Lots of crazy hallways and foyers that didn't lead anywhere.

The eleventh-and-twelfth-grade building, Pennsbury, had no windows. Actually, it had eight windows, all located along a single wall of the building. If you had a class in one of those rooms, you were a lucky kid. Except that the windows were so distracting—seeing as we never got to look through them—that most

teachers had to keep the shades drawn.

I had friends who lived in mansions and friends who lived in trailer parks. The sheer geographical field of Pennsbury students made for a pretty thorough economic range. It also meant it was hard to be clique-y; you had to adapt to whatever people you found yourself around. And making friends was pretty easy, what with all the options in front of you. I still have a close group of friends from high school, and that seems to be a rarity.

Then, right before twelfth grade, my family moved to New Jersey. I was enrolled, again, in public school. (The biggest in North Jersey, so we were told.) This school had 1600 students, literally half the population of Pennsbury. Everybody knew everybody. "Who do you hang out with?" was an identifying question. I joined the summer drama group in order to meet people; when I went to my fall classes, two or three of the drama kids were in each one. I felt like I was in an episode of "Saved By The Bell," where all the stars mysteriously had all the same classes. It seemed so contrived. And yet... comforting. Professors knew the students' names. Guidance counse-

lors didn't refer to you by number. Classes had fewer than 25 people in them. There were no "hall passes," and everyone had the same lunch period. By the time college applications were due, I'd decided that smaller was better.

Why? Why, oh, why, did I think that a small school would make me happier? It was great at first ("I know everybody!" was my first-year motto), but by my second year, I had regular attacks of Umass envy. For one thing, there's the dating factor. Today in the shower, I calculated that I've hooked up with approximately 1% of the campus in two and a half years. And I'm middling-to-average—I know people who accomplished that much in a semester. So let's say, for the sake of argument, that we're all screwing 1% of the campus, on average. Do you realize how much overlap that entails? There's not that much to go around. You will, inevitably, wind up dating your ex's best friend, then dating *their* ex, who will then date *your* best friend. (If you doubt me, fool, I pity you.) And since no one here really gives a shit about gender, the combinations are infinite.

Then there's the clique-y thing. The claustrophobia. The fact that everybody around you knows far, far too much about your life. (I can, off the top of my head, name the embarrassing sexual habits of five or six people with whom I've never had a conversation.) The feeling that the first-years are naive and pitiful, and will soon be broken, ending up as Bitter

Older Students like yourself. And then your entire committee goes on leave, your *Omen* article induces mass hatred, and the comforting smallness of Hampshire turns downright desolate. Tumbleweeds blow past. This is not good.

I read a *Newsweek* editorial offering the latest scapegoat for Columbine and its copycats: schools are too big. Public schools, the author said, have become so huge and impersonal, it's no wonder that a few kids "slip through the cracks." Teachers can't see the warning signs because they don't know their kids. And students are so isolated from the teachers, it's no wonder they become independent and aloof. The article concluded with the theory that, perhaps, the rise in popularity of "small liberal arts colleges" was due to overpopulation of local high schools.

In my case, that final theory was true. The part about "kids slipping through the cracks" might also be true. I certainly had few, if any, high school teachers who would recognize my face, let alone put a name to it. (Of course, because of my one year in New Jersey, plenty of teachers *there* would recognize me.) Guidance counselors, as far as actual guidance, were utterly useless. Would the Columbine kids have done better in a small school?

Probably not. Because Pennsbury was so diverse and crowded, few people felt totally excluded. There were dozens of possibilities for friends, for prom dates, for lunch tables. Cliques were few and far between; it was

just too hard to maintain one. There were daily brawls in the east hallway, regular drug busts in the lockers, and occasional weapon-toting. (We learned our street smarts well.) But there was no one person that the whole school loved or hated. There were "in" crowds in my elementary school, and in my Jersey school—but not in my high school. And the friends I made were more real, less circumstantial. (Not a single friend from New Jersey—though I made them quickly—keeps in touch.)

Not to imply that Hampshire will host the next Columbine. I'm just saying, there are things about a small school that induce claustrophobia. You can be lonely wherever you are, but it's different to be lonely in a crowd of people you *know*. I think the Columbine kids went crazy because, when they looked around, everybody seemed exactly alike. Everybody except them.

When you're around the same people all the time, it's easy to forget that they're not all the same. That they've grown and changed through this whole thing, just like you. They may know too much about you, but don't you know too much about them? Isn't there an intimacy that's already there, even if you've never spoken? And who's to say you can't start now?

Going crazy is the easy part. The hard part, is remembering why you're here in the first place.

If you can manage the second, you may just avoid the first.



PRESTON. WE HARDLY KNEW YE

One Friday night, amongst a pile of obsolete Apple technology, a Macintosh Classic was discarded from the Forward office. This was not just any Mac Classic, not just any overgrown Gameboy with word-processing applications — no, this one held the last traces of a Hampshire student of whom I had never heard, in memory of whom I write this brief column's worth of filler.

All I know about Preston M. Irving is derived from twenty-five Microsoft Word 5.0 files in a folder labeled "Green Corps". This environmental student group, which, as far as I can tell, ceased to exist a couple years ago, was Preston M. Irving's life, and yet he could not decide whether it was spelled "Green Core", like "hardcore", or "Green Corps", like

"Marine Corps", or "Green Corp", like "Corporation". Under the carefully-laid out "schedules" and agendas for "symposiums" (even Fry on Futurama knows it's "symposia") and the to-do lists formatted into meticulous outlines, one cannot deny sensing that Preston M. Irving's being housed a passionate core (or corps, or corp). The letter of reprimand addressed to delinquents who shirked their duty to attend a Green Corps meeting seethes with righteous fury: "Since you were not at Monday night's Green Core meeting for one reason or another, we wanted to let you know that there were some concerns expressed that some of the students involved with the Green Core were not taking their employment commitment seriously." One also senses that Preston M. Irving was no Philistine: he eschewed

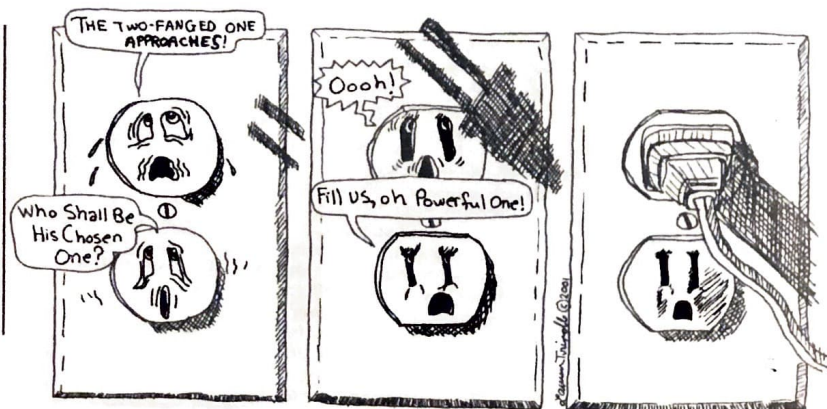
the default font Times in favor of the more nuanced Palatino.

As I thoughtfully sip my Orangina and contemplate the ghostly memory of Preston M. Irving on the monochrome screen flickering before me like a candle in the wind, I wonder what dim memory of myself will remain when (if) I make it out of Hampshire alive. Will there be a faded Gamera poster, deep in the bowels of the library, overlooked by Phys Plant? A Photoshop file in some neglected strawberry iMac's hard drive, demonstrating a deft use of layer effects and an elitist disdain for lense flares? A passable Div III, gathering dust in its uniform black binding? Or some other humble form of immortality? One can only hope.



EARLY FORMS of the RELIGIOUS LIFE of SOCKETS

from Glorby and William S. Goble, as *Reader in Comparative Religion of Electrical Appliances* (NY: Bizarro Books, 1974)



BE EXCELLENT TO EACH OTHER



Section ZOLE



In Japanese, the word for "bus" is "basu". You don't really pronounce the last U, so basically you just say "bus". Another handy word is "busu", which means "homely girl" or "bitch", but not "bus". Then there's "baka", which means "stupid". For example, the idea of buying a double-decker bus in Canada, hauling it down to Massachusetts, and using it as a makeshift bus shelter/cafe. That's pretty "baka".

Now, I don't pretend to have a well-thought-out opinion on this matter, I'm not even that well informed. If you wanted a well-thought-out article, you're in the wrong Section. This is Section Zole, and Section Zole's got more rants than the Bible's got psalms. I mean, for all I know, the whole Party/Snack/Shelter Bus idea will collapse under its own weight. That's usually how things work on this world — stupid ideas usually get what's coming to them. On the other hand, Hampshire (as a nebulous

entity) has a tendency to latch onto stupid ideas and run them into the ground, often wasting scads of money in the process. (I'm sure you can think of a few examples. I'd volunteer some, but I don't want to get in trouble.) For that reason, let me give my two cents on why the party bus is a bad idea.

First of all, it's a novelty, and I don't trust this student body — which includes me — with a novelty. Let's say, for whatever reason, Hampshire decides to build a 50 foot steel phal-

lus in the field in front of Cole and the Library. Let's further stretch our imaginations and say that everyone on campus, not just Gabe, is really excited about this. I would say that five to six months after construction of the phallus is complete, it would fade into the background. Nobody would go there just to hang out, student groups would stop meeting there, and student filmmakers would find other subjects for their wanky silent films. There would be a 50 foot phallus and we'd all be ignoring it. Visitors and parents would ask us about it, and we'd re-

What we really need is a snack SWAT team, an elite force of highly-trained officers authorized to use deadly force in their goal of delivering snacks faster than you can say "unnecessary waste of Zole's tuition". But the point is moot, as apparently the bus is not going to move. While it's true that we would have a hard time finding enough licensed bus drivers to keep the Snack Bus running, just keeping the fucker parked is not a solution to this problem. Converting it to run on vegetable oil — the same oil used to cook the snacks —

is not an improvement. I'm starting to wonder whether this is about creating a community space, or just an obsession with this goddamn bus.

There was a poll on grip.hampshire.edu (which is a cool site you should all check out, incidentally) asking students what they thought of the party bus. As of this writing, there are 9 votes for, 28 against, and 16 saying "I don't know enough [about the

issue]". Since all those people should have voted against, I'm going to extrapolate that 4 out of 5 Hampshire students think the bus is a fucking stupid idea. Just the thought of waiting for a PVTA bus inside a dilapidated double-decker bus makes me somewhat angry. A 1988 Ford Escort on cinderblocks would be less of a disgrace to our campus. I'm sorry COCD, but could you at least ask us before you think about buying a bus?

Now, I thought the bus was a stupid idea back when I thought it was going to move around ("ugokimawaru"). We've already got two stationary eateries, the Bridge Cafe and the Prescott Tavern, both of which seem fairly well patronized. While a bus would have the advantage of mobility, it's not like it could get up to my fourth-floor dorm room.





4 OUT OF 5 AIN'T BAD

BY J. WILDER KONSCHAK, COLUMNIST

Dr. Wilder had gathered 3 of the five transcendental thoughts, harvesting them from the ever-crashing sea of pop culture. He had, "There is no spoon." He had, "Fast. Fresh. Just for You." And he had, "Oops, I did it again." Now, he stepped into the Palisades Mall and stared at its grandeur. Four floors of paradise. Trees made of aluminum. Concrete floors decorated with the regal names of franchise stores.

"Here," he said, "I shall find all that I seek," and then he added, "Oops! I did it again!" just for good measure.

Instantly, as if in response, a force guided him along the halls, and he came at last to stand before a huge angelic face. It was the face of a beautiful model, each eye a foot across. Beneath her face, it read, "If you don't look good, we don't look good."

Dr. Wilder gave it a try. It felt good, a sort of pretentious thrill, but it fell flat on the cosmic level. He stepped aside and found another phrase, "Breezy. Beautiful. Cover Girl." He pondered it, but knew that it was only an early form of, "Fast. Fresh. Just for You." They meant exactly the same thing.

Then, he made an about-face, and there he saw another huge face in a window. It was the grinning face of a basketball player, his skin beaded with col-

orful orbs of sweat. Beneath his glowing face, it read, "You Got Game."

Dr. Wilder gasped and stumbled backward three steps. He fell against the window behind him and slid down to the ground. People crowded around, hoping he might die and give them a show. Instead, he said: "These is no spoon." He said: "Fast. Fresh. Just for You." He said: "Oops, I did it again." And finally, he said: "You Got Game."

In an ever-expanding wave, like ripples in a pond, the audience fell to their knees and wept. Soon, there were prostrate on the floor, overwhelmed with unspeakable joy and self-worth. All the troubles of their daily lives were solved; they were left with only leisure time, never full of boredom. Their futures spread endlessly before them, flawless and ever-improving into the limitless promise of infinity.

Meanwhile, Dr. Wilder stood, and as a zombie, led by a hand from beyond, he walked forward. A path naturally split in the crowd; he followed that path – straight, unbroken, as it went to the entrance of a huge Barnes & Noble. His eyes slid down the glass, slid down to the display of best sellers. There, Dr. Wilder saw, glowing, a godly halo around it, a light blurring out all else – **A Painted House**, by John Grisham.

Dr. Wilder weakly raised his hand, as if to half-awake block the light from his face. As he did, the glass shattered, fell like beach sand at his feet. He lowered his hands in front of him, as if to cup water flowing over him, and the book rose, it floated to him, and it lay open on his hands. A single line of text illuminated itself; it was the penultimate statement of world literature:

"You needn't bother with that," a smooth voice said. Before he could read, the book gently closed his hands. Dr. Wilder looked up, blinking, mouth agape. A seductive, raven-haired woman stood before him. She sandwiched the novel between her hands, and she slid it away from him. "You needn't read that, Dr. Wilder..." she said to him.

"But the universe ... it depends upon it... for perfection."

Around him, the mall had come to life. People were walking again, as if he'd said nothing at all.

"There is a difference between perfectly happy, and perfectly ignorant," she said softly.

"Ignorance ... is bliss."

The dark woman smiled. It was a patronizing smile.

She reached up and touched him on the cheek. "It's a blissful journey," she said, "but a terrible place to arrive."

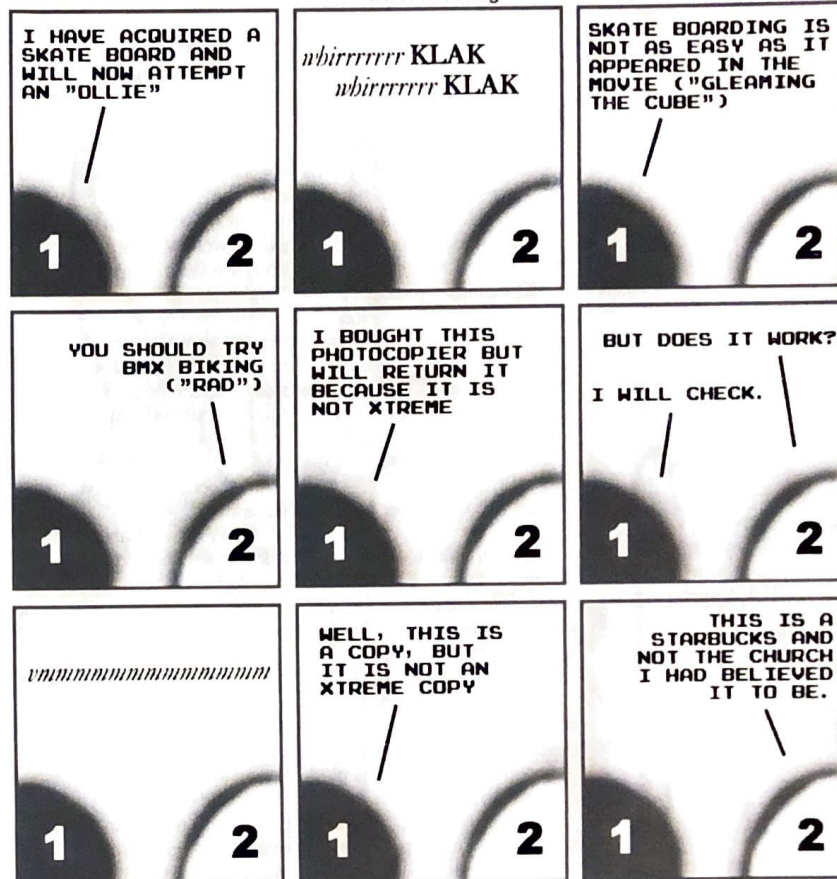
Dr. Wilder could say nothing. "It is best if you look no fur-

MORE ON NEXT PAGE

DEATH TO THE EXTREMIST XV

by M. Zole

www.zole.org



ther for your answers here."

She turned, and she walked away, leaving behind only lingering warmth and the subtle smell of burning. Dr. Wilder shook his head and ground his palms against his eyes. The feeling of bliss had subsided, leaving him empty and stiff, sore, as one is after laughing too hard and too long. He said the words again, and he realized they were pointless: stupid and outdated.

He wondered for a moment what to do. It was not long before the answer came to him. "I've gotta find 5 more!" And off he went, into the storm of pop culture, seeking five thoughts to replace the five that'd grown old, confident that never, never would there be a shortage, and unaware that never, never would they mean a thing in the final reckoning.



20 APRIL, 2001

SECTION LIES



FICTION, POETRY,
SATIRE, AND
OTHER STUFF

THE ONLY TRAFFIC LIGHT ON THE CAMPUS DOESN'T FLASH RED ANYMORE

God decided it was time to start dating again. He put an ad in the personals and found himself opposite a parakeet named Ann. He told her that he had a subscription to *The New Yorker*, but never had time to read it. After three drinks she confessed she was a virgin. This piqued his interest. After the meals arrived she asked him what he did for a living. Not wanting to sound arrogant, God replied: "Well, right now I'm between jobs, but most recently I dropped an apple onto the Buddha's head while he sat under the tree of knowledge. He then proclaimed that he no longer believed in gravity."

Ann mulled this over for a moment.

"You're a poet? You're not a fag, are you?"

The ensuing silence was awkward. God sought a way to alleviate it, so he asked:

"Do you believe in God?"

Ann answered, "no," and promptly imploded due to her imprecision of language. The universe shrugged and returned to its previous state as an obelisk-shaped paperweight on Aristotle's coffee table. God decided it would be best to live vicariously through *Sex and the City* from now on. Reclining in his Lazy boy, he thought:

"That eighth day gets me every time."

1966.

The Archangel Eli and Paul Simon sit in the back of a Trailway Bus, sharing a joint over a game of gin.

"Eli, Sony really fucked with my

album. You hear those drums on 'I am a Rock'? I didn't put them there. Arty is really upset too."

Eli listens to the track through his headphones, ignoring the anachronism.

"Paul, if you build a better couplet, the world will beat a path to your door." He looks down at his hand. "Gin."

President Nixon was getting a blowjob from his intern who was perched under his desk while he vetoed legislation. After she was done, Nixon noticed that he had left his tape recorder on.

"Shit," he thought as he turned off the Moody Blues record, "better erase that."

So Woodward and Bernstein didn't get the whole scoop.

I told these three stories for a reason. They all have something to do with my conception, which seems as good a place to start as any. It's also the only really definitive beginning I could find.

The first story takes place on a Friday night, the second involves the consumption of marijuana, and the third has a Moody Blues song playing in the background. So despite the efforts of God, Paul Simon and President Nixon, I came kicking and screaming into the world. I remember the first thing I saw was a Camel ad, but after that it gets hazy for a long while. I was named Raymond Thomas MacNally, furthering the whole Moody Blues theory. My dad was always upset I never learned the flute.



BY JEFFREY PATERNOSTRO, COLUMNIST

I MISS MY FRIENDS



BY GABRIEL MCKEE, COLUMNIST

"A few months ago, you and I'd have had something to do with that, and now... Life sure gets quiet once you're Div III."

-J. Wilder Konschak, who doesn't know the half of it 'cause he's not Div III, though characters in his hit TV show "Darwin's Kids" are.

It wasn't until I was halfway through my final semester that I realized the thing that sucks the most about a Hampshire education. The Div III process is designed to isolate you—I knew that and I was more or less prepared to deal with it. To give my life some spice, some fun, some contrast to the hours of research and writing I knew I was going to have to eventually do, I spent the fall semester actually getting to think of Hampshire as home. I did all the fun activities I'd wanted to do since I was a lowly first-year (foremost on that list, of course, was writing regularly for friends will just be starting their final the goings-on of the campus as a whole, and, most importantly, I finally

established a group of friends I really felt I liked. In the past my friends had basically been friends-of-friends; the few people with whom I'd actually felt real connections with in the past had either transferred, moved off-campus, or gotten fucked over to the point of withdrawal by financial aid. So in my last year, I made some friends I really felt were my friends. And it worked. Last semester was one of the best of my entire time here.

There was one problem: they're all younger than me.

My final revisions on my Div III are due on April 27th. That gives me nearly a month to run around campus with four years of responsibilities off my shoulders. After 4 months or so of Div III isolation, I'm finally going to get to start spending time with those friends again. And that's where the problem comes in:

They're not done with their work. In fact, the time when I hand in my Div III—the 100 pages of Dick I wrote about last time—is when all my friends will just be starting their final projects of the semester. The Div III schedule is designed so that, just

when you have time to start hanging out with your friends again, they don't have time to hang out with you.

I now realize the *real* reason for bell-rings. It's not so that you can make lots of noise or drink. It's not so you can finally, after 4, or 5, or 17 years, celebrate leaving this place. It's not even to celebrate finishing a lot of hard work. It's so you can finally see all the people you haven't seen for 3 months or so. And probably find out that the people you've been missing for weeks and weeks think you've abandoned them, and don't like you anymore.

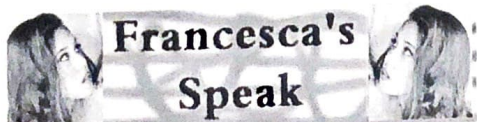
Well. Shaun Boyle has agreed to renounce his work to hang out with me (though he's claimed he's going to spend eleven days solid playing Dreamcast. No food. No sleep. No prisoners). I still fear that my last few weeks here, which should be filled with joy and revelry, will instead be filled with regret and boredom. But hopefully everyone I like will read this article and love me forever.

Hmph. That was depressing.



BY ZAK KAUFFMAN, COLUMNIST





FUCKING THE HAMPSHIRE!

Fucking the Hampshire! (I am happy in that the Nemo we could not use these words. One good thing about omen there is!) I am sew pissed! Let me tell you all the story I have.

As you is known, final week was the prerogative of the classes in the Autumn Months of HAMPSHIRE. Well here the thing is. I was waiting in the line in Yurt at around about seven in the morning. On Monday. Then was I learning that PREREGIST was not until the day next! hahaha. But I decided to court my losses and continue the wait! hahaha! I have the jump on all the others, think the Francesca. I was not only early! I was there in the before everyone else! except one. A student in the first year named Jeffrey was there also as well before I was. It was 7:30 AM ON Lundi (Monday to you! haha.)

In the Francesca world, I thought we were lucky. Second in line! that means the number I have is TWO. So I had to be the waiting for approximate in the 30 hours give or receive. It was fun. JEFFREY and I played a number of games with cards and other things. We got along nicelike. Almost like MICHAEL ZIMM (Where is he?) I think his last name is Pasteurized or some thing. I like him. We waited in the line-up. THEN at one in the next day, the PREREGISTIWNRON be-

gan!!!! I was so in the exiction. I jumped and singed. I walked in to the office and sat down at the place, and said what the classes were that I wanted to be taking in the FALL months that are to come after this semester and the summer that follows in its footprints is over. They were: POLITIC and race in the cold war, GNEDER and the elcetoral collage, fingers-painting, and First video.

Also my alternations were DRAMA class somewhere, and a class in HACUQERT with some professing person I was heard was nice. OH and I wanted to take the course at MOUNT HOLY OAK. but I don't hear from them until later now.

So there is FRANCESCA at the desk. She tells the lady my classes, and what do I here!! ALL MY CLASS ARE FULL!!!! I was pissing, let me tell you all. PISSING OFF!!! Stormed out of the office and made angry all the way to my room. Then I came sad. I cried a bit. But don't tell anyone. I must keep my picture that other people see when they think of francesca. and that picture does not cry.

alltheways, I have a dilemma and an anger and a sad. The hampshire has failed for me one time far too many times! I am leaving. Leaving! NO more francesca for the Hampshire. Once I finish this semester, is all. I am trans-

ferring like a t-shirt. I have sent in my application to the college in vermont, MARLBORO. They have caribou there, and always have I loved the Carbiou. plus better learing system, where I apply myself more for better the result.

Other of the school I am in looking to, include the Bard, the UConn, the Reed, the Yukon, the Bowling Green, the Skidmore, the Harvard Business School, and the Sorbonne. I am heard from none of them excepting of the last one, the OXFORD, which has already been accepted me. The application of the UCONN was odd it was a test of pureness. ALL the questions were about sexy things, which only other people do. I am not yet marry.

I am saying to my fans and friends and followings, Sorry I am of the leaving I must take. I am missing you even now that I have not yet left! Sad will be the months to follow this month. I hope to see you all again in the some day. Francesca love you! And hoping you love her too. Good bye hampshire! (I say godby now even though now I will write an article next time. Miss me until then is silly!Q hahah. Miss me later.)) until next the time; kisses in the night. love,

Francesca



BY JAMES POTTER, CONTRIBUTOR

THE EMO AND THE ECSTASY

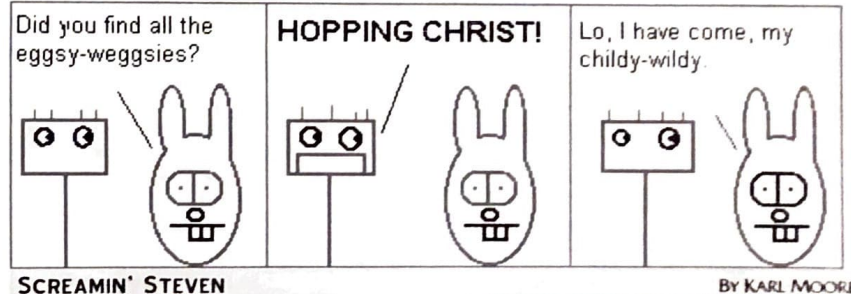
I have a confession to make. I'm emo. I listen to emo music, and I rather enjoy the company of other types like myself. Yes, it's true, everyone's favorite rough and abrasive punk rocker (haha!) James is in fact an emo boy. And you know what else? I'm damn tired of hiding it from the world. I want to wear drab cardigans, kids' t-shirts, horn-rimmed glasses and pants that are too short for me. I want to be able to openly weep in the presence of others without getting my ass beaten senseless by some hardcore kids with shaved heads and big funny pants. I want to be able to buy an emo CD at Newbury Comics without having to stick it in between a couple of hardcore or metal CDs. I want the world to know that I'm emo.

What inspired my newfound pride? Last Friday's episode of *Popular* on the WB. How am I going to accomplish such a task as this? How am I going to get the world to respect my right to listen to music that consists of guys whining about girls? The answer is simple: an emo pride

flag. I think that it's a good idea. I know it may be ripping off an idea from the gay and lesbian community, but I think that good ideas such as theirs have a right to be ripped off. Just like some guy created Audiogalaxy to rip off Napster, another good idea. Anyways, back to my emo pride flag. Instead of being bright and happy and filled with all the happy colors of the rainbow like the gay pride flag, the emo pride flag should also be a rainbow, but it should consist of colors like brown, and black, and gray, and olive. And we could form a group, a place where emo boys and girls can meet without fear of being discriminated against or beaten by hardcore kids. It would be an open forum. A place where we can listen to albums with names like "If It Weren't for Venetian Blinds, It Would be Curtains for us All" and "Orange Rhyming Dictionary" without having to worry if other people will hear and come hurt us.

It's about time emo kids got the respect they deserve, and dammit, I think we deserve a lot of respect for being so sensitive and free in such a cruel unfor-

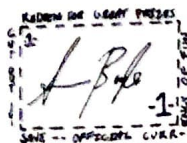
giving world. Where was that respect last week when I got decked for wearing a Weakerthans t-shirt? Where was that respect when I got laughed at for liking the Promise Ring? Tell me, where was that respect when my mother, bless her heart, got spat on in the streets for having an emo boy? It's time to take a stand! Emo kids unite!!! Embrace your emo-ness and go buy a stack of CDs from bands like the Alkaline Trio, Samiam, The Get-Up Kids and their sister band Reggie and the Full Effect, Tuesday, and Jimmy Eat World without hiding them in between Earth Crisis and Snapcase! Reach out to others when they try and support you, like when Canadian-vegan-gay friendly-punk rockers Propagandhi penned "The About as Close to Emo as We'll Ever Get Song"!!! And, most importantly, wave your emo pride flags with conviction!!! There are people out there who will help!!! If you're interested in any literature or anything, please, email me at "Schroeder219@aol.com" I'm here for you.



SCREAMIN' STEVEN

BY KARL MOORE

20 APRIL, 2001



FILM CRITIC
FOR HIRE

REDEEM THE OFFICIAL CURRENCY OF FUN FOR GREAT PRIZES

At the request of my beloved fans, who read my articles religiously, I have decided to come up with a list of prizes, which my readers can get if they save up enough tickets. Now this may sound a little complicated to most of the people out there, so I have written a little play that will teach and entertain. A lot of people like to call this "edutainment." I personally like to call it "just plain fun."

How to Redeem The Official Currency of Fun for Great Prizes

By Shaun Patrick Boyle
ACT 1

Enter Ben and Jen

Ben: Hey Jen!

Jen: Hey Ben! What's that in your hands?

Ben: The official currency of fun.

Jen: The official currency of fun?

Ben: Yes, the official currency of fun. Each and every week, I collect as many Omens as possible and cut out the little coupons in the header of Shaun Boyle's article so that one day I may redeem them for great prizes.

Jen: Wow, that great! But how do you redeem them?

Ben: Well shucks, Jen, I don't know.

ACT 2

Ben is talking on a telephone as Jen sits on a nearby couch.

Ben: Thank you for your time officer. Yes, we'll call back if we have any more questions.

(Ben hangs up the phone) Well the police don't know how to redeem the points.

Jen: So what are we going to do?

Ben: I just don't know Jen. I just don't know.

Pause

Ben: I should just throw them away. It's hopeless.

He moves to a trashcan.

Jen: No, don't do it Ben.

Ben: I have to. It's the only way!

There is a knock at the door. Ben and Jen freeze and stare at the door.

Jen: Who could that be?

ACT 3

Ben and Jen are still frozen.

Someone knocks on the door and then slowly the doorknob begins to turn. The door swings open and Shaun Boyle enters.

Ben and Jen: Shaun Boyle!
Shaun: Hiya!

Ben and Jen: What are you doing here?

Shaun: Well I was peering through your bathroom window and I noticed that you were having some trouble figuring out how to redeem my fun points.

Jen: Did you hear that Ben?

He was peering through our bathroom window.

Ben: What an absolute honor!

Shaun: So all you have to do is collect the points and redeem them by giving them to me. It's that easy.

Ben: But what are the prizes?

Shaun: Anything your heart

desires, but mostly cheap crap I ordered from a catalog.

Ben and Jen: SWELL!

Shaun: Well I have to run and write another article!

Shaun leaps out of the window.

Ben and Jen: Good luck Shaun!

They both wipe tears from their faces.

Here is list of prizes you can get if you save enough points.

1 point - Number 2 pencil eraser toppers. These things are great for erasing and well, erasing some more.

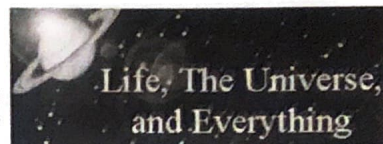
5 points - A Natural Science Division 1 pass button. That's right! Be the envy of all your friends when you start sporting this stylish button. They'll all think you passed your Div 1, when in reality you're a stoner slacker who will probably drop out in two semesters. Hell, that girl who you have a crush on might even ask you to be her reader. Personally I can't think of a better way to break the ice.

20 points - You get to go see a movie with me. Sure you'll have to pay for it and of course we can't sit together, but I think it will be fun. Well it'll be really fun if you don't talk because I'll be trying to watch the movie. After the movie we'll go to a coffee shop (you'll have to pay for that as well) and I will shoot down any criticisms you have about the film even if they are valid points.

50 points - My copy of the Hampshire Course Catalog (un-

MORE ON NEXT PAGE

MIKE FORD IS A BAD ASS MOTHAFUCKAUH!!



BY JENNIFER NYAM GIFFORD, COLUMNIST

First of all, what the fuck is your problem, you fucking mother-fuckers!!!! Who the hell decided it was a good idea to start lining up at fucking nine o'clock the night before pre-registration? Are you fucking nuts?!!!! I hate you all!!!!

But kudos to Mike Ford for handling what could have been a really ugly situation. I know it really sucked for all of you who didn't make it on the list, but I think it was the best thing he could have done in a pinch, and at least it kept us from killing each other. But, to keep this from happening next year, I have some suggestions.

One. A lining up time should be established. Lets make it six am just for the hell of it. So lets say the school established six am as the time everyone was allowed to line up. Before that, pub safety keeps an eye on things and

makes sure no one is cheating. Then we could all get a little sleep that night, and we'd be a little more sane. The negative side of this would be that someone would cheat, somehow. Fucking bastards. You're all insane.

Two. Why not computerize the whole system? If everyone just logged on at a specific time and typed in the course numbers they wanted, this would all be solved. No lines. No camping out in the Yurt. No mobs screaming like wild monkeys. And we can all get some sleep. The downside is that the network would almost surely crash.

Three. Bring back the list. We all know it's those film and video fuckers that are causing all the chaos. Oh boy, I remember the days when you could wake up at 8:30 and still be ahead of the game. Then they got rid of the list. Now it's insane. So yeah, okay, it

wasn't the easiest thing to deal with, and if you didn't know about the list until, say, your second or third semester, you were screwed, but at least it kept those nutty film students away from the preregistration lines and out of our lives.

And Four. Get rid of the whole system altogether. We don't need it. Nobody wants it. Everyone knows that you drop half of the classes you preregister for anyway. Most professors reward persistence, and with the attrition rate in classes, if you keep going you're likely to get the classes you want anyway. So why have it? We should just institute a lottery system for the most popular classes, and the rest of them should be you show up and you come.

Of course, this is just me ranting about a system that is broken. And if it's broke, fix it.



REDEEM THE OFFICIAL... continuations

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

(signed). This will come in handy when your choosing classes or looking for great professor quotes.

51 points - My copy of the Hampshire Course Catalog (signed with some classes circled).

100 points - A romantic dinner with me, though I might send my assistant instead. If I do go I will make sure we go to someplace very romantic like Antonio's pizza or Chuckie Cheese's in Springfield.

500 points - A big fat restraining order. Yes, that's right you'll be served a big fat restraining order and then be whisked away to the elegant county court in Northampton. There you won't be able to make eye contact with me or speak about me. After being fined several hundred dollars we will go are separate directions unable to speak to each other ever again.

So that is just a basic prize system. I hope to be adding frequent flyer miles soon and possibly the chance to get a lower APR on your official Film Critic for Hire Master Card. Next time I should actually be reviewing some films and doing a summer movie preview. Have a great Patriots Day!



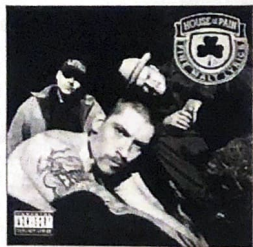
We Hardly Knew Ye

SO THEY'RE IRISH?

BY MICHAEL ZOLE, COLUMNIST

About this time last year, I got bitten by the white rap bug. Rap music made by white people has long been stigmatized by people who prefer rap music made by black people, also known as "real" or "actual" rap. But chalk it up to subconscious racism that white rappers have often been the ones to generate crossover hits. Normally I don't buy the idea (popular on this campus) that all white people are guilty of racism without realizing it, but I'm willing to own up to the fact that we aren't fair in the rap arena. I mean, "U Can't Touch This" is undeniably a better song than "Ice Ice Baby".

But I think I know what I like about white rap, though: it's silly. Sometimes the silliness is intentional, but usually not. In House of Pain's case, it most certainly is not. In their heyday, House of Pain consisted of three Irish guys — two Irish guys, actually, and a Latvian DJ. They had a big hit,



called "Jump Around", from their debut album *House of Pain*, and then they put out two albums that nobody was interested in. Fortunately Everlast, the first Irish guy, had a "GET OUT OF EMBARRASSING CAREER FREE" card, allowing him to return with a critically acclaimed solo album in 1998. Much to his probable chagrin, however, all those silly rhymes from 1992 are still around

for us to enjoy. Let's take a look. "I'll serve your ass like John McEnroe," declares Mr. Everlast in "Jump Around". He continues: "If your girl steps up, I'm smacking the ho. Word to your moms, I came to drop bombs. I got more rhymes than the Bible's got psalms." This strikes me as a bad analogy. I mean, the Beastie Boys said something about having more rhymes than Jamaica has mangoes, but that's not something you can count.

The Bible has a finite number of psalms, and I'm sure Alan Hodder will back me up on this. A similarly bad analogy: "I'm quick on the draw / like the horse named McGraw". I think the first unwritten rule of hip-hop is "never compare yourself to a cartoon character, no matter how much of a badass said character may be".

But it gets worse. Or better, if nonsense is your thing. The first verse of "Shamrocks and Shenanigans" is pure gold: "I kicks the flava like Steven King writes horror / If I was a Jew then I'd light a menorah"... "I came to work your body, so let me do my job / I've never been laid off, my rhyming skill paid off / Cause now I'm makin' records, now I'm makin' tapes / Steady bustin' suckers in bunches like grapes / Makin' all

the papes / scoopin' up the loot / Puttin' suckers on the run, pull my gun and then I shoot". I have no clue what any of that means. Everlast seems to be alluding to his sexual prowess and propensity for killing people he doesn't like, but beyond that I'm lost. Is he trying to say that he kicks the flava while living in Maine? That he kicks the flava frequently and with some success but fails to impress the critics? *What?*

House of Pain is Irish, incidentally. In "Top O' The Morning To Ya", Everlast clarifies: "Ya see, I'm Irish, but I'm not a leprechaun / You wanna fight, then step up and we'll get it on". Irish-Americans must feel more connection with their heritage than I feel with mine. Sure, I'm proud to be French Canadian, I'm just not sure it's worth kicking someone's ass over.

The bad news is that not all of *House of Pain* is especially entertaining. "Jump Around" stands up to repeated listens, as does "Shamrocks and Shenanigans". "Put On Your Shit Kickers" is always good for a laugh. But the beats aren't always catchy and the rest of the album kinda drags. Aside from the aforementioned moments of hilarity, you can only listen to House of Pain's unique bland of ridiculous dated posturing for so long before it gets redundant. At least we'll always have "Jump Around."



RAD IS RAD: IT'S SO NICE, I'LL SAY IT TWICE



BY KARL MOORE, COLUMNIST

Welcome to the titillating third issue of *Rad* magazine. Enjoy!

In current events, the U.S. China plane standoff is at an end (good) and scientists have determined it's not good (bad) to eat your head.

As you've come to expect, here's award-winning short fiction.

The Yeti's Yearning

Tenderly, the Yeti ran his fingers through her head; it sucks to be strong and clumsy.

Pictures of famous people, coming right up!



Record reviews, get your record reviews!

Monster Magnet's *God Says No* is actually a misprinted *Journey's Greatest Hits*. It's all good though.

Re-re-re-recipes, anyone?

Blood Pudding

INGREDIENTS:

- Σ 3 quarts pork blood
- Σ 1-1/2 pounds raisins
- Σ 1-1/4 pounds sugar
- Σ 1 pound mixed nuts & chestnuts
- Σ 3/4 pound rice—cooked
- Σ 2 oranges with all rind
- Σ 1 pound figs
- Σ 1 teaspoon red pepper
- Σ 1 teaspoon black pepper
- Σ 2 tablespoons salt
- Σ bay leaf

DIRECTIONS:

Mix all and bake in oven for one (1) hour.





WHERE DO THEY ALL COME FROM?

The internet was meant to be useless. BottleMail, a Japanese program that can be downloaded from <http://www.kids.recruit.co.jp/bmail-e/index.html>, is proof of this. This cute little application is, basically, an email client stripped of any pretense of usefulness. The interface is a tropical beach, complete with animated waves, soothing ocean sounds, and the occasional baby turtle. Rather than typing messages, one draws in a "sketchbook" with graphical tools that make Windows' Paint look like Lightwave. The resulting image is placed in a "bottle" and flung into the "ocean" — where it drifts into a server somewhere in Japan that directs the bottle to a random BottleMail user who happens to have the program running at the same time. Bottles wash up on the beach and soon enough you find yourself with an album full of cryptic drawings and katakana. Pictured below are some favorites amongst those I've received:



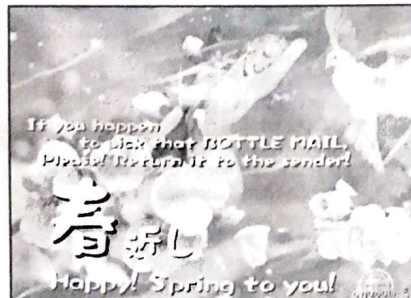
These turtles are not having sex.



All your base are belong to this thing.



Somebody likes me.

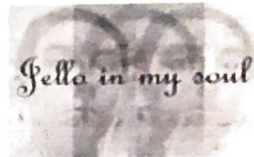


I saw a naked lady.

As you can see, BottleMail has enriched my life in ways that email never could. The software's creator, Yoshihito Nagai, proudly declares that it is a "useless" invention for "idles" and people who like to "marvel at how many weirdoes are running around out there." I can offer no better description of myself.



THE PAST CAN GO FUCK ITSELF (CAUSE I GOT BORED.)



BY DORIAN GITTLEMAN, COLUMNIST

Last night, I found myself in someone else's bed. Unusual? Not in and of itself. In case you hadn't figured it out, I'm not a big fan of celibacy, despite my aspirations to join a nunnery. No, my point is that while I was in someone else's bed, I was really happy to be there. I could lie there and smile to myself and think, hey, this is nice. And it had been a while since I did that. But this got me feeling all nostalgic, and so I have finally come around to the article you all knew I would write eventually. The Ex article. My dedications to the boys who wrapped me around their fingers and blew bubbles in my brain.

The name of the official boy number 1 is Austin Dunn. I dated him over the summer of my freshman year while I was living in England. He liked Terry Pratchett and Star Trek the Next Generation, and to be perfectly honest, had very little going for him besides a brain the size of a watermelon. He was British, so I excused his bad teeth and bizarre haircut, not to mention his mildly obvious B.O. issues. I think he might have touched me once, but at this point, I don't remember. Not a very memorable guy.

I took a break from boys for a little while, because hey, I went to a small prep school in Louisville, KY. The boys there aren't worth shaking a stick at, although I think I've threatened one or two with a bat.

Boy number 2 also came during summer. At this point, I was fifteen and going through my "isn't French poetry the most romantic thing ever" phase. Which is good, considering I decided to go out with a 19 year old French literature major from Penn State. He was a counselor in the program I was attending and he remains one of the most beautiful vaguely punkish boys I have ever seen. He had longish curly red hair, very shocking, and a small silver hoop in each ear. He wore nothing but vintage collared shirts with 80s band t-shirts underneath. (I still have his Huey Lewis and the News around somewhere.) So yeah, we sat around reading Verlaine and smoking hashish, which my crazy friends all brought back from Amsterdam. (I was living in Paris at the time, very cool.) Adam was also my first... education, and I pretty much worshipped him. What are you supposed to do when you're just going into your junior year and you're dating a college sophomore who tells you with a reasonable degree of sincerity that you're brilliant and mature way beyond your years. If you're as immature as I was then, you eat it up. I used to be a helpless romantic, can you believe it?

Adam dumped me when our summer ended, and I headed back to Louisville, where I resumed the crush I had begun to cultivate during the previous school year. This was a fruitless crush, as it was hopelessly bestowed on my high school science teacher. (To be perfectly honest, I kept this crush until Christmas. The

most recent one.) The crush and the highly destructive relationship which accompanied it proceeded to cripple me emotionally, resulting in the cynical, nebulous creature you know today. Peter, you might say, was my true learning experience, as I had never known what it's like to sacrifice your dignity and emotional well being over a person who really doesn't give a fuck about you. Which is not to say that Peter didn't care for me at all, I'm exaggerating. He did. I was one of his favorite students and occasionally a friend. But I loved him. If that word means anything anymore, and he had no way of understanding that.

After I graduated, having given up on finding a boy or girl until college, I met Jay. I talked about Jay before. He's the older boy who kind of flaunted his new woman in front of me. I should state for the record that I was overly melodramatic about him in my previous article. I really do have a good deal of affection for Jay, and I look forward to seeing him in the future. Jay... was my graduation present I think. A little boost before I went off to college. He made me feel better about myself and my body than I ever had before, even though he remains the most intimidating experience I've ever had. When I met him, he had a girlfriend, and he continued to have said woman until after we began going out. He dumped her during the middle of our short relationship (We were together for all of like a month,) and never told her

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

NO IDEAS = BAD ARTICLE

BY ZAK KAUFMAN, COLUMNIST

Time for a random shit article.

Random shit #1:

Like many people, I spent some time outside of Cole on pre-registration day, from about 5-8 am. At one point I decided to lie down for a little while on one of the stone blocks sitting between the sidewalk and the grass. So there I am, lying down, eyes closed, big shit-eating grin on my face, when these two fucking dogs jump on me and start licking my face like it was covered in golden jelly. Understandably I was a bit startled, so I made a minimal effort escape by rolling over onto the grass. The dogs said 'Get back here mother-fucker!' and continued to lick and claw my face like it was covered in hundred dollar bills. After about a minute I got up and said 'Leave me be you mother goddamn dog fuckin head motherfuckers!' and they scattered.

About 10 minutes later I decided to again attempt a nap. I saw that many other people were lying down and not being mauled, so I figured I had a pretty good chance of successfully napping. I'm lying down for about 1 minute and all of a sudden the dogs are back, licking my face it was covered in cadbury egg goo. And I mean they're fucking licking the fuck out my fucking face fuck. They're doing a full-face lick as if the practice of face licking is about to be outlawed (which I am currently lobbying for legislation to have happen).

I decided that quick thinking was needed, so I hopped to my feet and ran off. They pursue. They catch up with me in front of the library, so I decided to calm them down by kneeling down and petting one of them. They said 'We don't fucking want you to pet us, we just want to lick yo' face!' and jump up onto me, knocking me to the ground and proceeding to lick my face like it was covered in peppermint schnapps beetles. Completely defeated, I laid there for a good minute as they licked every corner and crevice of my face, neck, and mouth (inside and out). Eventually some of my friends (including Matthew Montgomery) shooed them away and I stood up, my face and mouth covered in saliva, dog hair, and gravel.

I'm very curious about why I was chosen. Is it that I have a naturally good tasting face. To test this, I would appreciate it if people around campus would taste my face for me. I'm a busy man so I don't have time to make appointments, so if you see me, just walk up and take a bite. You'll be doing me a favor.

Now let us never speak of it again.

Random shit #2:

The second movie in a trilogy usually sucks. Think about it. Die Hard, Rambo, The Prophecy, Scream, From

Dusk til Dawn. #1 & #3 in each of these trilogies is pretty damn good, but #2 is a piece of crap. By the time the filmmakers get to #3 they've usually decided that they're going to try to make a unified series, but when they make #2 they're just shitting out an empty sequel.

The ultimate example of this is Star Wars. When viewed together *Star Wars* and *Return of the Jedi* form an epic saga that enriches the lives of all who see them. But *Empire Strikes Back* is a piece of shit sequel that Lucas just tossed in there. It's the worst written, directed, and performed of the trilogy and I hate it. Yoda is a stupid, the battle on Hoth is fake looking, Boba Fett is lame, and Lando Calrissian is a dumb-head. And where are the freakin Ewoks? Anyone who disagrees with me is wrong and most likely enjoys having sex with midgets while covered in goat placenta.

Random shit #3:

On Wednesday I received an email from my mother saying to check my mail on Friday, for there would be something good in it. On Friday I received my Bongers. In my mailbox was a rectangular box containing two roughly palm sized rubber balls, each hanging at the end of a flexible metal rod and wooden handle. They were Bongers.

MORE ON NEXT PAGE

LET ME CLEAR MY THROAT OR FUCK SUBTLETY



BY AUNDRIA THEOCLES, COLUMNIST

Recently, a friend and I had an idea. It's called "The Boyfriend Potluck."

You start on a Sunday afternoon, with seven women, and, ideally, seven men. Couples are good, hence "The Boyfriend Potluck," but are not essential. People bring a delicious dish of their choice. Everyone eats, chats, and then the men's names are put into a hat. The women each pick a name, and go home with the man that they picked.

It should be pointed out early that when I saw "go home with" I don't necessarily mean "go home with... and fuck!" The concept is simply that people will get to know other people—namely, people of the opposite sex. So, they go home with a boy, and the next day they return them, names are drawn again, and they take home another. It's a good thing. The object is that by the end of the week, everyone will have spent some quality time with everyone else—thus educating her (and him... I guess) as to making the best boyfriend choice.

It's such a good, simple system I can't believe that we didn't think of it earlier. So, luckily we (me and six of my closest friends) have already agreed to this, and getting our boyfriends or objects of lust to agree proly won't be too hard either. Well, I'm not actually too sure about that part, but we'll cross that bridge when we come to it.



NO IDEAS=BAD ARTICLE

continuations

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

Bongers seem to be some form of weird massage device (DO NOT BONG KIDNEYS!), but are actually weird freak balls on sticks. Allow me to quote the box: "If your weak hand can't keep the rhythm, BONG with both hands at once." 'Most men, and many women, like to be BONGED fairly hard.'

The purpose of Bongers seems to be for the Bonger to use them to beat the Bonger. 'We prefer to explain it as the same principle as tenderizing meat'. Bongers can treat back pain, muscle soreness, headaches, and cellulite. Thus far, I've mainly just used Bongers to hit others and myself. After I hit myself on the head, I generally yell 'Bong!'

The inside manual gets weird. Here the history of the Bongers is included. 'Many people believe Bongers were a gift by the Space Guardians to the first emperor of Japan...They find support for their claim in the Bongers themselves: when you close your eyes and use them on your head, they say, the Bongers are programmed to take you back and put you on that very spaceship that brought the first shipload of Bongers into this galaxy'. Also included are fun Bonger facts ('The Chinese make them with tiny wooden balls and call them

wife-beaters'), poetry ('Oh come with me to the Bonger Tree where we shall see Life's lessons are three...'), and music

('Oh we're hounding for a pounding, Oh we're Bleating for a beating on our feet, BONG BONG!').

Also included are quotes from Bonger users: 'It feels just like rainfall to an ant'; 'It feels like a thousand pygmies dancing on my back'; 'This is like a mugging'.

So I am now a Bonger man. I am currently working on a Bong based IA Div 1. As my Div 2 I plan to study what effects Bongers have had on Jewish women of color in third world capitalist societies. As my Div 3 I plan to hit Greg Prince with a Bonger.

BONG!

So as you can see, it's a bad thing when *Omen* writers can't think of a subject. Random shit occurs, and that's not good for anyone. So please, support your local *Omen* layout writing type non-staff person in any way you can, be it through a kind word, a margarita, or a random Bonger attack, and lets hope nothing like this ever happens again.





E-C-DUB! E-C-DUB! E-C-DUB!

BY JEFFREY PATERNOSTRO, COLUMNIST

For those of you that don't know, I am a major pro wrestling fan. And lately the business has been going through some major changes. First, the World Wrestling Federation buys World Championship Wrestling, their main competitor for the last eleven years, effectively ending the ratings war that have raged on Monday nights for the last seven years. But for me at least, the bigger news came when Extreme Championship Wrestling filed for bankruptcy.

Now, I knew this was coming. When owner Paul Heyman began doing color commentary for WWF Monday Night RAW, the last death knell was sounded. The company had been off TV since January. They cancelled their scheduled March Pay-Per-View, Living Dangerously. But it was still sad to see a company that revolutionized the business in the mid nineties, going out not with a bang, but with a whimper.

Admittedly, T.S. Eliot and pro wrestling don't normally go together.

ECW started up in the early nineties as Eastern Championship Wrestling under owner Tod

Gordon in Philadelphia, PA. It started off as pretty much any other small, independent wrestling organization, with a few names way past their prime, like Jimmy Snuka, and a few people no one has heard of, with good reason, like Tommy Cairo and the Sandman. The early shows are pretty much unimpressive,

vanilla fare.

Enter Paul Heyman.

Heyman was fresh off being fired from WCW after a fairly successful stint in the company as Paul E. Dangerously. In fact, would be a precursor to the NWO angle that put WCW ahead of the

WWF in 1996. Heyman took over booking duties for ECW, and later purchased the company outright. He brought an "attitude" to his federation that would be the inspiration for Vince McMahon as WWF flourished during the early NWO days.

The National Wrestling Alliance was the earliest "federation" in professional wrestling. It was a collection of promoters in different territories across the

United States. They recognized a single champion who would tour the various territories. By the nineteen eighties, they existed in name only, being bought up by Jim Crockett, who ran the Florida territories for years. Their headline show on the Turner networks was World Championship Wrestling. Jim Crockett got drubbed by Vince McMahon's WWF, which was doing previously unseen amounts of business with Hulk

Hogan headlining, and Crockett was forced to sell out to Ted Turner, and the NWA was rechristened WCW.

In the early nineties, a group of independent promoters tried to resurrect the NWA. ECW wrestler Shane Douglas was booked to win the title. After he won the inaugural NWA title tournament, he threw the belt in the garbage and declared himself to be the ECW champ. Extreme Championship Wrestling was born.

ECW brought a whole new style to the wrestling scene. While WWF and WCW floundered with the same basic American pro style of wrestling that had been in existence for five years with the same cartoony characters and storylines, ECW brought an edge to the industry. In addition, Paul brought in some of the top workers in the world from overseas,



mixing brawling, hardcore garbage wrestling, and the junior heavyweight style. World class wrestlers like Dean Malenko, Eddie Guerrero, Chris Benoit, Rey Mysterio, Jr., and Psychosis got their first wide spread exposure on American television in ECW.

Heyman also booked incredibly compelling angles. The feud between Tommy Dreamer and Raven, lasting from 1994-1996, is still talked about by fans today with incredible reverence. The fans themselves are the stuff of legend, showing rabid devotion to ECW. Homegrown talents like Sabu and Rob Van Dam impressed everyone with insane athletic feats not normally seen in American wrestling. They introduced the use of tables, and later, flaming tables to the America audience.

But business started to flag. Talent raids by the "Big Two" took ECW's talent from 1995 on. Malenko, Guerrero, Benoit, Psychosis, Mysterio and Perry Saturn were signed by WCW. Later on, the Dudley Boys and Taz were taken by the WWF. Most recently WCW signed Mike Awesome while he was still ECW champion.

Injuries took their toll as well. The ECW style was a violent and demanding one. Tommy Dreamer wrestled most of 2000 with herniated disks in his back. Sabu's knees broke down with years of abusing dives through tables and onto ladders.

The booking suffered as well. Heyman pushed people like Rhino and Justin Credible to headlining positions without fan support while the ones who were liked by the fans were pushed aside. Perhaps the business end distracted him as ECW sank further into red ink. Finally, ECW's parent company filed for bankruptcy, citing over eight million dollars in liabilities.

During its heyday, Extreme Championship Wrestling was putting on the best shows in America, despite playing to crowds half the size of those of its larger competitors. Heyman took a struggling run of the mill indy fed and turned it into something that influences business in American wrestling to this day. The hardcore matches in the WWF today are poor imitations of the matches seen regularly in ECW. Heyman created some of the most outrageous, complex angles in sports entertainment, but managed to balance it with quality wrestling. At least for a few years, ECW did something the WWF and WCW couldn't do. It kept me interested in pro wrestling. Most importantly, it was a viable alternative to the mainstream product. Something that will now be sorely lacking as McMahon prepares to relaunch WCW in June under the WWF Entertainment banner.

Until next time, I'm just a poor boy, empty as a pocket, empty as a pocket with nothing to lose.



THE PAST CAN GO...

continuations

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.

about me. Yeah, sketchy, I know. But hey, at least he dumped her. All her stuff left his house, and that was good enough for me. After all, when you're with someone for that short a period of time, what can you expect? Jay is my favorite among all the boys I've dated, along with the one night encounters I really didn't feel like going into here.

Here's the thing. For once I'm going to be serious about the way I live my life and the

choices I've made sexually and emotionally. After Jay, a relationship that got over prematurely and without any real closure, I chose to get out of the relationship game period. I enjoy my friends and I enjoy my partners, but most of the time I choose to separate the two. I can be mentally satisfied by one group, and physically satisfied by the other. But I don't think this is going to last. Well, I know it won't, but the lifespan of my lifestyle

is currently up in the air. As I said in the beginning, it's a sweet thing to lie in bed and think happy thoughts. It's fun to cuddle. How can you do that with a stranger? Just because I trust someone enough to fuck them doesn't mean I can "be" around them. Does that make sense? In my head it does, but my head is a messy place right now. And let's not get started on my heart. This is Dorian, the confused, signing out



COMMUNICATED CHAOS:

A VIRTUAL STORY

From: "Jason Wilder Konschak" <jerress@hotmail.com>
To: cielo_rios@hotmail.com
Subject: Hello?
Date: Thu, 13 Jul 2000 17:57:20 EDT

Heyo,
I was playing with the Hotmail user directory and I entered the name of one of the people I knew from college, Cielo Rios. I didn't think there could be all that many in the world, and certainly not that many listing California as home.

Just curious if this is indeed she.

~Wilder.

On Fri, 14 Jul 2000 14:41:50 PDT "Cielo Rios" writes:

absolutely not.

This is Franklin B. Octopus, Esq. I have been searching for Miss Rios for some time now. I set up this account to find her. How do you know her? Where does she live? Do you have her phone number?

Sincerely,
Franklin B. Octopus

From: J Wilder Konschak <wilderworks@juno.com>
To: cielo_rios@hotmail.com
Subject: The search for Cielo goes on...
Date: Sat, 15 Jul 2000 21:40:46 -0400

Dear Mr. Octopus,

Let me answer some of your questions, since you have been so kind and responded so sincerely to my inquiry, which other less patient and less kind individuals may have simply deleted.

The story of how I know Cielo Rios is a strange one.

It all began one night at my college, in Massachusetts. I was going to the lounge to make some peanut-butter, but I was distracted when I stumbled across a drum. Drums are not common place in a college lounge. They are quite unusual - especially such a dandy drum. It was about 3 feet tall, slender and sloped, with black ropes and a white hide, stretched over a cherry-stained body. It bore the inscription: DRUM BROTHERS.

Little did I expect - the drum was magical. Whenever I played the amazing drum, people would scream and pound on the walls. One of those individuals drawn by the song of the drum

was called, "Ms. J Soda."

Ms. Soda told me to stop playing the drum, for its magic was not to be wasted. I asked her, "From where does this wonderful thing come?" It was then that she told me of a gypsy enchantress who lived in the moon-washed shores of the local reservoir, and, though this enchantress hid from the geriatrics during the day, at night, one could find her playing her drum in the wilderness.

"Is this drum hers?" I asked.

"Yes! It is hers!" Ms. Soda declared. "I borrowed it from a girl named Cielo Rios, and I brought it to this very lounge earlier this very night."

"So, Cielo Rios is the beautiful gypsy enchantress!"

"No, Cielo Rios is the chick that beat her up and took it from her."

So, Mr. Octopus, THAT is how I know our mutually mysterious friend, Cielo Rios. I don't know why you search for her, but I will tell you why I do: I still have her drum, and I'd be ever-so-glad to give it back to her, so the evil gypsy will remove the curse from my head. Until the curse is lifted, I'm doomed to always put my leg into the wrong pant leg first in the morning, strangers will always borrow my toothbrush, and every time I play strip poker, I will lose miserably.

You see, it is important that I find her!

Thus, I cannot tell you her address or telephone number. However, if you learn anything more, please tell me. I hope your e-mail scheme works. And if it does - let her know that Wilder has her drum.

Also, may I call you Frank? Why do you search for Cielo Rios? Tell me a little more about yourself, if you would. Perhaps we can share clues.

Lots of Love,

~Wilder

On Wed, 26 Jul 2000 21:50:20 PDT "Cielo Rios" writes:

Dear Mr. Wilder,
I have already enlisted several college "students" in my search for Miss Rios. You may know them as her close "friends." Unfortunately, they are highly undependable and terse and are of little help to my organization. Miss Rios became the focal point of a classified project that began in 1995 on Bailiff Theory. Jodi Fox, Juaquin W. BlowFish, and I were able to determine the cause of Mel Tourme and other diseases such as Bull, Rampart, and Staple. Unfortunately, Miss Rios stole our research and has been using it in squalor. Since her inception, she has masterminded the tendencies of water and used them to cause many natural disasters such as potable drinking water and oceans. Needless to say, she is ruthless and cunning, and quite dangerous. Be warned.

If you notice any strange behavior, please do not hesitate to contact us at www.superbad.com

Sincerely,
Franklin B. Octopus

20 APRIL, 2001

FROM PAGE 27
From: J Wilder Konschak <wilderworks@juno.com>
To: j_wilkie@hotmail.com
CC: cgr98@hampshire.edu
Subject: Memo from WilderWorks Productions
Date: Wed, 2 Aug 2000 01:58:44 -0400

ATTN: Jennifer Wilkie
Craig Keilburger
Other Individuals at this Address

FROM: J Wilder Konschak, Director of Operations

DATE: 08/01/00

RE: Who the Hell Are Certain Persons.

Dear Sir or Madame:

Who the hell are you?

I thank you in advance for your cooperation,

J Wilder Konschak, Former Duke of Milan

From: "Jennifer Wilkie" <j_wilkie@hotmail.com>
To: wilderworks@juno.com
Subject: Re: Memo from WilderWorks Productions
Date: Sat, 05 Aug 2000 22:22:48 GMT

This is all you need know—

Rios is a wild one. I too was on her track for a number of years. I now live in destitute solitude and curl up in a dark closet stabbing at my wrists with a butter knife...nightly. She has an inexplicable power, Ms. Rios does, beware I say, beware. I am keeping abreast of any advancements in your hunt for her. I too have the hunger. Octopi, like Dutchmen, numbers and toes, often travel in groups of ten, they are not lonely fellows so watch yourself... The Republican National Convention was a circus of sorts, wouldn't you say? It had my brow good and furrowed for days...thank the sweet Lord that's over.

Condolences,

Craig Kielburger (you will find my website if you search for me)
Child Activist
Esquire
blah blah blah

MORE ON NEXT PAGE

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE
From: J Wilder Konschak <wilderworks@juno.com>
To: cielo_rios@hotmail.com
Subject: Can you spell Clamydia?
Date: Mon, 7 Aug 2000 02:02:24 -0400

Agent Octopus,

I see that you have not responded to my last e-mail. I'm certain that you have received it, since I expect your secret-decoder boxer-briefs deliver e-mail transmissions to your pelvic outpost on a regular basis. This, after all, is a basic necessity for today's busy Secret Agent. Perhaps you did not respond because you were strapped to a tricycle on a collision course with 10,000lbs of dynamite. Perhaps you did not respond because I remain a low priority in your mind. Then again, perhaps you DID respond, but your transmission was intercepted by the underhanded behavior of one Mr. Craig Keilburger.

Craig Keilburger. Do you know this boy or man? Craig Keilburger. Do you know this so-called child-rights activist? Until days ago, I knew nothing of him, but I am quickly becoming all too aware of his existence.

Whether you know it or not, Mr. Keilburger has been reading the e-mails I've sent you. I hope this is because he's one of your agents, and not because he's gotten into your pants and stolen your precious data. That would be a serious breach of your personal security.

I can assure you that the security breach was not on my end. I type all my messages on a laptop beneath my bed, and send them via an illegal Mexican encryption code. No computer on Earth can crack that encryption without the aid of Cheech Maron, or another high-ranking Mexican agent. Once the messages are sent, I delete them, remove the laptop's hard drive, and beat on it with a magnetized golf club. So you can see, Craig Keilburger has not been reading them from my end.

I am not so upset that I am being spied on. I rather enjoy the attention. What upsets me about Mr. Keilburger's involvement is his perverted need to tip-off Cielo Rios. He sent her a Carbon Copy of the e-mail he sent to me, and she was not at all pleased to hear from him. Thankfully, I do not believe she yet suspects any wrongdoing on my part. I wrote her an e-mail, feigning ignorance, and I'm certain that any suspicions she may have had were extinguished.

Now, whether Craig Kielburger is an agent of yours, a former agent, or a deranged civilian wrapped up in something beyond his reckoning, he is a serious risk to your project. He himself admits to being emotionally unstable and incapable of coping with the enormous stress of pursuing a villain of Cielo Rios' caliber. Furthermore, he is also putting MY life at risk. I do not like having my life put at risk, especially since you've not yet accepted me as a commissioned agent. My life is amongst the most precious things I have, right beside my signed photo of Lucy Lawless (TV's Xena), and my hand-held Dirt Devil Vacuum. Because my personal safety has been compromised by this ordeal, I will from now on exist under the alias Dimetri Deabler, Russian Fish Sculptor.

In closing, please, tell me all you know about Craig Kielburger, or whomever this person is that writes me from j_wilkie@hotmail.com. More importantly, please seriously consider my offer to assist you in finding a final solution to the Rios question. I make a better friend than enemy, sir.

Yours Truly,
Dimetri Deabler

MORE ON PAGE 29

From: "secret admirer" <ckielburger@yourmom.net>
 To: wilderworks@juno.com
 Subject: you nasty little man
 Date: Tue, 8 Aug 2000 09:13:51 -0700

Tisk tisk Demeitre,
 all I need now is for Octopus to know I'm on to him. Do you want me holed up in solitary in his dungeon in Zambia, is that what you want? Listen up...Rios is who I'm after. Octopus has long been after the fruit of Rios' loom...I mean womb.

I have to be in East Timor freeing some enslaved children through Wednesday...pray Demeitre tell not Octopus. There are thousands upon thousands of little workers who desperately need my help...and while their little fingers do produce finer quality garments...well, it's just not fair. You're not as cold-hearted as Agent 23 claimed you were...you can't be.

I'm getting all teary eyed...I need to grab a tissue...

I'm back.. composed...and ready to address that cruel accusation of yours that I, Super-Extra-Special Agent Kielburger am not emotionally stable. Please, sit Demeitre. Pit down that pick axe and stay a while. Sculptor indeed.

Octopus and I had a steamy, sexy, sordid, sultry, swell affair once. It must have been 8 years ago. Given I am but 17 years of age now. So you can imagine it was a transformative relationship for me. In Canada they often don't prosecute predators like Octopus.

Demeitre, I got away...
 you must too.

I have something in the oven, actually, it's a Hamburger Helper casserole,
 delicious...I must run.

Have the decency to keep this between you and me...by the way, Octopus rarely writes back, it's a sick little way of making you want to hear more...shameful wouldn't you agree?

Kielburger.

Cordially,
 Craig Kielburger

From: cielorios <cgr98@hampshire.edu>
 To: J Wilder Konschak <wilderworks@juno.com>
 Subject: Re: What is Essential.
 Date: Fri, 11 Aug 2000 23:06:43 -0400

Dear Wilder,
 Today I was nearly hit by an Albertson's big rig. Crushed, actually, by its rear wheels. I was called incompetent by accounts at work and I have started getting strange emails from some youth club about children.

I still have a Division One to finish. Eating makes me nauseous.
 Are you this Kraig Kielburger kid? Your emails are very amusing.

Keep up the good work,
 Cielo

MORE ON NEXT PAGE

From: Sebastian Rockenbach PHD <volitilechemicals@yahoo.com>
 To: dimetradeabler@hotmail.com
 CC: ckeilburger@yourmom.net, cielo_rios@hotmail.com, j_wilkie@hotmail.com, isadora_diablo@hotmail.com, wilderworks@juno.com, rasselmussen@hotmail.com
 Subject: Fresh Brewed Cielopacinno.
 Date: Sun, 13 Aug 2000 19:15:06 -0700 (PDT)

Dmitri

At your request I did look into the chemical compound you have requested that I look into. I have looked into the Schmirnoff Affect, as you have requested I do, and I have made several steps toward a final answer to the query you proposed to me.

By harvesting DNA fragments from the drum-skin that you FedExed to my lab in Toronto, I have harvested many DNA strands from its primary user, Cielo Rios. Gaps in the Rios genetic-code have been patched with sequences that I harvested from a cemetery in Quebec. Your suggestion to harvest from a cemetery in Quebec was a good suggestion. I have done that, and I have patched the gaps in the Rios genetic code.

Therefore, as you did request, I have a living clone of Cielo Rios currently living in a jar in my lab. As you requested, the jar was filled with lime Jell-O, and the subject is surviving at a good rate of survival. Like you said, I never leave the jar alone. It is guarded at all times. I never leave the lab, like usual. The jar is in the lab, at all times, and is guarded by me.

As I was saying at paragraph one, I have also done many experiments on the compound you mentioned. With the clues on the paper you had stolen along with the drum you also stole, I was able to narrow down the possible components in the compound to 13,476 variables. It has taken me two weeks of testing, but I have come across the true components of the compound, and I have proven the Schmirnoff Affect to be proven. The compound can get an entire party drunk, and when administered as a topical ointment, the compound caused the flesh and bone of the middle finger of the Cielo Rios clone to evaporate into a gaseous compound which caused violent hallucinations when inhaled by test subjects.

I have prepped my crew to manufacture enough of the compound to sublime the entirety of biological matter composing the Cielo Rios clone. Tomorrow, we will attempt to eliminate the clone entirely. If the test is successful, I will send the chemical formula to you immediately after it is successful. I would now laugh maniacally, but I have a throat cold.

I have forwarded this message to those parties you informed me would be interested in learning this break-through. Thank you for the opportunity to take part in such an exciting matter. It is much more exciting than my job as a chemist for the Trojan Condom company. Thank you for that opportunity.

Thank you,

Sebastian Rockenbach, PHD.
 Head Staff Latex Chemist,
 Trojan Prophylactic Company.
 Toronto, Canada.
 volitilechemicals@yahoo.com

an irresistibly appropriate description of your situation. Losersville!

You must feel pretty darned crunchy right now, Franklin.

I have with me the individual classified by Doctor Sebastian Rockenbach as, "C-Rios Alpha Clone 1." She sends her regards via a stream of expletives. But allow me to explain how she ended up in the care of the WilderWorks Foundation.

Doctor Sebastian Rockenbach, upon learning he was soon to be slaughtered by Dmitri Deabler's Canadian Commandos, attempted to use the clone to defend himself. However, waiting for Dmitri's troops to arrive, she quickly bored of Sebastian's company (especially his forever bragging about the dependability of his DuraSheath latex condoms, even beyond 3000 miles) and so she sucked all his internal organs out through his eye socket, and then tore his limbs off and made a coffee table from his torso.

As everyone knows from watching television, female clones are always born nude, unlike male ones, who are made with bikini briefs attached; so how could I not notice a buck-naked weirdo standing on a street-corner in Toronto, dripping with Lime Green Jell-O, playing 3-card monty on a human-torso coffee table? These things might go unnoticed in New York or Los Angeles, but 3-card monty is strictly forbidden north of the boarder. She was ripping off some trusting Canadian schmuck.

So, of course, I pulled over, shot her with a tranquilizer dart, and tossed her in the back of my truck. When she woke up, I gave her a two-dollar bill, a super-bounce ball, a bag of Sour Patch Kids, and a Green Lantern Comic book. This pleased her some. But what really brought her to the side of justice, to the side of WilderWorks, was our mutual hatred for you!

So, your inflated pomposity has cornered you like the naughty boy you are. Now you face not only one Cielo Rios, but two, one of which (this one) is funded and backed by the amassed resources of the WilderWorks Foundation!

But I'll let C-Rios Alpha Clone One speak for herself. I'm turning the keyboard over now. (Excuse her typing: she only has nine fingers, thanks to the deranged experimenting of Dr. Sebastian Rockenbach).

Hello Franlin, C-Ros Alpha Clone 1 here. You can call me Gabrielle Puanan Ros. Let me warn you a the toughest thng you've ever seen. Il fuc you up soethng ferce. Sure, don't have a ddle fnger, but I'll take a lot ore than that to stop e fro kllng you, you fucng prc.

Dan, who new a ddle fnger was so portant? loo le a goddan retard! can't even refer to yself the frst person! f you thought was angry before, you cannot begn to agn how pssed have becoe! arg! a glad dont know anyone by the nae!

She's too furious with you to continue typing. She also seems very upset about someone named, "Kim." Nevertheless, Gabrielle will soon be finished recovering from her ordeal in the lab, and she will be ready to team with her sister, Cielo, to destroy you.

My suggestion? Surrender now, Franklin. Swallow your pride, silence your thunder. Surrender, and hand over the secrets of your organization, including the Rockenbach-Schmirnoff Formula and the answer to "what is the white stuff in bird shit?" Only then will you be al-

MORE ON NEXT PAGE

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

Lots of love,
The WilderWorks Foundation
12:32 PM 8/15/00

From: "Cielo Rios" <cielo_rios@hotmail.com>
To: wilderworks@juno.com
Subject: You fools.
Date: Tue, 15 Aug 2000 20:57:44 PDT

Dear Wilder,

I regret ever having contacted you, it's not every day you meet a meathead agent. I'm not sure what kind of agent you think you are, but most know that the white liquid in bird shit is, in fact, urine.

Regretfully,
Bendar Bashir
signing for Franklin B. Octopus

From: J Wilder Konschak <wilderworks@juno.com>
To: cielo_rios@hotmail.com
Subject: Re: the saddest story ever
Date: Wed, 16 Aug 2000 02:59:52 -0400

No. That's bird shit too.

J Wilder Konschak, Former Duke of Milan



A MONKEY'S UNCLE

BY JENNIFER JYMM GIFFORD, COLUMNIST



20 APRIL, 2001

THE *FORWARD* REVUE



Folk

Where have all the *Forwards* gone?
Gone to recycle bins every one.
When will they ever learn?
Oh, when will they ever learn...

The Classics {abridged version}

F is for my favorite and the
O is for "Oh my" the
R is for so righteous and the
W for why?
 {because we love you}
A is for not always
although they always try. Another
R's redundant! The
D is for survive
Forward! Forward! Forward
You mean so much to me!

Broadway

Don't cry for me Hampshire College
The truth is I never left you
All through my wild days,
Red Flag submissions.
I kept Josh Crawford
Don't keep your distance

Hip-Hop

I like Michael Moore
And I cannot lie
You other hippies can't deny
When I find his stuff
Surfing all over the place
And I need to fill some
space
I get sprung.

